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THE REPUBLICAN, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BEWARE OF THE WOLVES—BONAPARTE.

People Need a Good Watchdog For President and Smashes at Cortelyou Boom.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—Politicians who attended the banquet of the Illinois Athletic club were astounded Saturday night when Secretary Bonaparte, speaking presumably for Roosevelt, drove a nail into Cortelyou.

The presidential boom of the Secretary of the Treasury is generally supposed to be fostered by the money kings of Wall street and the railroads and other magnates who revile Roosevelt and who at the efforts of the administration to enforce the laws which they are prone to violate.

This came about through the visits of Secretary Cortelyou to New York during the panic, and his conference with the money kings which led to efforts on his part to extend government aid to the panic stricken.

Politicians agreed after the banquet Saturday night that Secretary Bonaparte had Secretary Cortelyou in mind when, in speaking of the selection of a "watch dog" for the American people, he said:

"Just now the denizens of that great sheepfold, the American Union, are beginning to turn their thoughts to the grave problem of choosing a head watch dog to guard them for four years. I cannot help thinking it may aid them in this weighty task to establish first of all, a negative test of fitness; whatever applicant for the job is viewed with particular favor by the wolves may well be left in his home kennel; wolves can be trusted to know what they want and to want what the sheep don't want."

In planned language, no man can be safely trusted to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" if his voice be longed for and urged by all many of those who have obstructed the faithful execution of the same laws in the past, and whose influence and resources are formidable obstacles to their faithful execution today.

LIKE YOUR WORK.

"Be Content and Be Happy," Says Admiral Dewey.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 21.—Admiral Dewey illustrates the truth of the expression, "Seventy years young."

"Everyone doesn't have to do a heroic thing to get comfort, peace and happiness out of life, and live to enjoy a good old age," he says.

"Congenial occupation, a happy domestic life, and to find that one's friends are tried and true, are, to my way of thinking, the important factors in keeping a man young and making for him what is accepted as a successful life."

"My work has been just the sort that I delight in, and I would not choose another life work could I live my 70 years again."

"To find that one has chosen the work to his liking and not to wish to be doing something different—that is the secret of contentment. Content is happiness, happiness is health, good health makes for old age, and there you are."

"Cynicism is the twin companion of inactivity, does nothing for a man but unmake him. On the contrary, the man who would live the longest happily must cultivate cheerfulness and a sanguine disposition."

"He must be regular in his habits; he must work without being a regular bore or a regular machine."

"Many of the ills that flesh is heir to come from mental and physical inactivity, but one must avoid routine, for it takes away from the freshness of ideas and spontaneity of action."

His Reason Given.

There was once a book collector who solemnly warned a friend against ever lending a book, and who, to enforce his moral, led him to a well-stocked bookshelf in his own house, saying:

"Look at those shelves. Every book on them was lent to me."—Judge's Library.

SKETCHED THE JUDGE

While Awaiting Verdict of the Jury

ASTOUNDING NERVE SHOWN

Displayed by Robert Wood, Artist, While on Trial for Murder of a Woman—
Acquitted, He Is Hero of the Hour in London.

London, Dec. 23.—Robert Wood, the young artist who was acquitted of the Camden town murder, is the hero of the hour in London, while the witnesses who testified against him are virtually under police protection. Several of them have already had to change their abode, owing to the hostility provoked by their testimony.

Ruby Young, the artist's former sweetheart, who had promised to swear to an alibi for him covering the night of the murder, but caused his arrest, is being sent to Canada by the authorities, owing to threats directed at her.

While crowds are constantly assembled before Wood's house, he has gone to Scotland for a month's stay to escape his admirers. His perfect calmness and good humor during the trial and his astounding nerve in sketching the judge, while waiting the verdict of the jury, are not more striking than the generous compliments he has paid the police and witnesses who testified against him.

He has displayed none of the bitter resentment which a falsely accused man might naturally be expected to bear toward those responsible for the attempt to have him hanged on a groundless charge or for the frightful ordeal to which they subjected him. He has not expressed one word of indignation against anybody.

"The fairness, perfect fairness of the trial is what struck me most," he says. He added that the murder itself was unique in its execution.

Phyllis Dimmock, in whose company Wood admittedly was up to 11 p. m. of Tuesday, Sept. 11, was found the next morning in her room lying naked across the bed. Her throat was cut, the spinal column being almost severed.

Surgeons said the murderous gash had been inflicted while the girl was sleeping, her head being evidently raised in the assassin's right hand, while with one powerful, sweeping movement with a razor he all but cut her head from the body.

The Dimmock woman lived with Bertram Shaw, a waiter in a restaurant, who that night was away on a journey. During his absence she walked the streets among the lowest class of women.

The evidence against Wood was purely circumstantial, and the testimony of the witnesses who saw him with Phyllis Dimmock was tainted by their bad character. The only traces of Wood found in her room were of a post-card making an appointment and burnt fragments of a note in the grate. These fragments were in his handwriting, and the prosecution contended that the note arranged for a meeting on the night of the murder.

Wood swore that he only met the Dimmock woman three days before the murder, while her associates asserted that he had been on friendly terms with her for nearly two years.

When the police published a facsimile of the post-card it was Ruby Young who disclosed the identity of the writer and secured Wood's arrest, though she had promised him she would swear to a false alibi that he was with her on the night of the murder.

The crime was the work of a callous, calculating man in its method and surrounding circumstances, and so perfectly executed as to be worthy of Du Quincey's morbid imaginings in "Murder as a Fine Art."

Nothing but a miracle or a voluntary confession can now solve the mystery.

Wood has declined an offer of \$1,500 a week to appear on a music hall stage and to rapid sketching.

UNCLE SAM MAY SPEND MILLIONS FOR LAND.

Favorable Report on Bills to Acquire Valuable Tracts in Washington for Public Buildings.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 23.—Two bills were yesterday afternoon favorably reported from the Senate committee on public buildings and grounds, which, if enacted into law, will involve an expenditure by the government in this city of about \$12,000,000. It is proposed to purchase all the property south of Pennsylvania avenue and north of the Mall. The actual value of the land, as based on assessments, \$3,305,856; and of the buildings, \$3,295,700; a total of \$6,601,556. It is intended to utilize this ground, if acquired, in the construction of such buildings as the future necessities of the government service may require.

The other bill favorably reported carries an appropriation of \$3,000,000 with which to purchase a site and erect a building for joint occupancy by the departments of state, justice and commerce and labor. The departments of justice and commerce and labor are now in rented quarters and the department of state does now have adequate facilities.

These bills received friendly consideration in the Senate last session, but the House would not consent to their passage because of the large expenditures involved.

BOSTON RECOUNT FINISHED.

Positions Unchanged, But Fitzgerald Loses More Than Others.

Boston, Dec. 23.—The recount of the votes cast in Boston for mayor at the recent city election was completed late Saturday, and while all the candidates lost by the recount, the candidates remained in the same relative position. John A. Coulthart, the Independence league candidate, lost 46 votes, his total being 15,776. John F. Fitzgerald, the Democratic candidate for re-election, lost 80 votes, leaving his total 23,938. Mayor-elect George A. Hibbard, Republican, lost 52 votes, leaving a total of 28,112, which makes his plurality 2,174.

A BURGLAR'S CHRISTMAS VENTURE.

(Original.)

"I'll never again crack a crib at Christmas time," said the burglar. "I've tried it several times and something turned up to beat me every time. Our craft thinks that at the Christmas season there's a lot of presents laying around loose to get hold of. And so there is. But, great Scott, most of it's rubbish. 'Tain't nothin' to compare with weddin's. Weddin's is the apple of my eye. There's where you can pick up solid silver, and to me silver's as good as coined dollars. But Christmas I ain't got no use for."

"Last Christmas I had my eye on a house where there was boxes and bundles enough goin' in to fill the hold of a ship. I saw a small boy playing out on the sidewalk before the house, and I thought o' kidnappin' him, though it was no more than a thought, for I'm not in that line o' business. There ain't nothin' into it. Steal a man's silver, and he don't make no fuss, but steal his child, and not only he and his wife, but the rest of 'em, get on to a mighty big hustle 'bout that sure to beat you out o' your profit. The kid I'm speakin' of had a good lookin' nurse he called Martha, and she called him Jimmie."

"She couldn't do nothin' with him. He wasn't afraid o' her nor anybody else. He was the cutest little feller you ever saw; regular boy; there wasn't enough girl in him to hang a pair o' earrings on to. He came out on the stoop one afternoon when I was surveyin' the house with a doll. I reckon somebody had just given it to him, for I hadn't seen him with it before. I was surprised, 'cause I didn't think he'd have no use for a doll. It had a beautiful chinny head and lots o' tow hair. What did the little shaver do but take the thing by the heels and bring the head down on the stone step! That chinny head flew all over the sidewalk. The nurse nearly had a fit, but Jimmie, he forgot his doll in a jiffy."

"Well, I asked the nurse a lot o' questions, lettin' on I was a bunfin' for some un as lived in the neighborhood and I thought might live in the house she came out o'. Before I got through with her I had my bearin' all right. People thinks servants is pals with us crib crackers, but they ain't—leastways, not always. It's their stupidity as does the business. The nurse gimme the bull make-up o' the house without knowin' what she was doin'."

"Christmas night people generally leaves things loose, puttin' 'em in their proper places the next day. I chose that time and instead o' breakin' in durin' the night, knowin' from the nurse of the staircases and the habits o' the family, I stob in about 6 o'clock, when they was at dinner. The nurse had let out that she slept in a crib."

"There wasn't nobody upstairs, and I had the free run o' the house up to me. Servants sleep sounder than people as don't have nothin' to do, and I concluded that if I could get into the nurse's room I'd stand the best chance. While I was a-rootin' round I saw a crib through an open door. I went in, found a bed there and got under it. It was one o' the low kind, and I had a hard job to squeeze in."

"When the kid come up to go to bed I almost give myself away larfin' at him. He lugged a lot o' things into the room, most o' 'em five cent toys, sayin' he wasn't goin' to leave 'em downstairs for burglars, and some o' 'em he took to bed with him. When he got on his nightie his nurse asked him to say his prayers. He told her he'd said 'em to his mother. The nurse said he hadn't done no such thing. 'Yes, I have,' said Jimmie. 'If you don't believe me, ask God.'"

"I stuffed my fist in my mouth to keep from shoutin', and it wasn't long before Jimmie and the nurse were both asleep. I waited till I heard a clock strike 1, then I crawled out. The door had been left open, and there was a light in the hall. I had to go past Jimmie's crib to get out o' the room. His pet kitten was sleepin' on a pillar beside the crib, and what did I do but step on the pesky little thing. This woke Jimmie, and he could see me in the dim light standin' beside his crib."

"What d'y'e suppose the little monkey did? He sat up, pulled a tia horn from under his pillow and began to blow as hard as his little lungs was able. He stopped a minute to holler: 'Burglar! Don't let him take my cards what I worked at the kindergarten!' Then he started in again to blow."

"I didn't wait to hear any more, but started down the stairs four steps at a time. Before I reached the bottom the electric was switched on, but the nurse had posted me on the ways o' gettin' out, and in a jiffy I was in the street. I could see the house in a blaze o' light. A winder was raised and a woman's voice yelled, 'Burglars, police!' and above the clatter I could hear Jimmie's horn a-blowin' and a-blowin' 's if he was Gabriel tryin' to raise the dead."

"I dodged a cop comin', lit into an alley, vaulted over a fence and hid under a coal shed. The cop rattled his club on the curb, and in no time there was a dozen o' 'em around the house I'd got out of. While they was thinkin' to take me in the house I run down the alley and, makin' another street, dodged along till I was well away."

"Since then I don't go much on

For the strong—that they may keep their strength.
For the weak—that they may regain their strength.
For the young that they may grow in strength.

Uneeda Biscuit

the most nutritious food made from wheat.

Clean, crisp and fresh.

5¢ In moisture and dust proof packages.
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Christmas plunder. Leastways, I don't like dogs, kittens nor children. Kittens ain't nothin' if you don't step on 'em, and dogs you can quiet by throwin' 'em a bit o' meat, but a kid with a tia horn under his pillow that's afraid some un's goin' to run away with his five cent toys or his kindergarten stuff is too much for me."

F. A. MITCHEL.

SCHOONER GOES DOWN; CREW ESCAPES IN YAWL.

Shifting of Cargo Causes Vessel's Seams to Open.

Westbrook, Conn., Dec. 21.—While beating up the sound in the heavy seas yesterday the two-masted schooner Davis Currie of Hartford, Conn., bound from Portland, Conn., with brown stone to Brooklyn, N. Y., sprung a leak near Crane's reef, off Duck island, and went down. The master and his crew of three men left the craft in a yawl and rowed and drifted to Saybrook point, a few miles away, where they landed.

The master says that the shifting of the cargo opened the schooner's seams, and he tried to get into smoother water under Duck island, but the vessel did not keep afloat long enough.

THIS JURY ALL WOMEN.

Decided Against a Member of Their Own Sex.

Denver, Col., Dec. 23.—For the first time in Colorado's history, and perhaps in the history of the country, a jury com-

posed entirely of women Saturday served throughout the trial of a law suit, finally rendering a verdict.

The suit, which was tried before Jus-

tice Carlon, involved the question whether a skirt purchased by a woman from a local merchant fitted the purchaser. The jury decided that it did fit.

CHRISTMAS IS ALMOST HERE

Only a few buying days remain after today, and we want to emphasize the necessity of Christmas shopping now. We offer below a few suggestions for acceptable Christmas presents, a few of the many in our splendid collection of gift articles.

CUT GLASS	SIGNET RINGS
STERLING AND PLATED SILVER	HAIR ORNAMENTS
SILVER TOILET SETS	MOTT GREEN POTTERY
OPERA GLASSES	FINE STATIONERY
FOUNTAIN PENS	PYROGRAPHY OUTFITS
WATCHES AND CHAINS	BLANKS FOR BURNING
LOCKETS	PHOTO CALENDARS
NECK CHAINS	CHRISTMAS CARDS
GOLD BEADS	PICTURE POST-CARDS
FINE BROOCHES	BEST ENGRAVING IN THE CITY

Come in and inspect our line. We will be pleased to serve you.

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AND ITS UNIQUE CHRISTMAS CHARM.

Unusual Gifts Are Here

Every department is so broadly, fully and finely a store in itself that you find the gifts you greatly want, but very seldom see. The best that's old, the newest that's best. A store with a generous welcome for you.

Begin With Our Windows They are a gay story of all that you find inside and that's saying a good deal, for 'tis a great story, this of the Barre Book Store.	So Many Leathers Change Fures and Bill Books Card Cases. These are all distinctly of the highest grade. Refined leathers, all through.	Children's Paper Gay with all the Dromios, Teddy Bears and Fairyland Fancies. In colors on the box and on the paper as well.
Christmas Cards We want to have you see them early, along with the Post-cards and Calendars, for they're the very embodiment of the beauty in the Christmas legend and story.	Christmas Stationery Now that's a big line with us. And the Christmas boxes are peculiarly appropriate, cheerful and beautiful.	Ink Wells Fine assortment of Ink Wells and Sponge Cups.
Christmas Post Cards Big assortment of Christmas Post Cards at two for 5c, 6c, 10c and 15c.	Our Fountain Pens Here are Moore's "Non-leakable," Parker and others. Pens up to gold mounted. All guaranteed. We are fountain pen experts, remember.	Post Card Albums Best line of Albums, all prices, from 10c to \$2.50.
50c Popular Copyrights In all the popular titles. Also the latest fiction and standard books. Large line of boys' and girls' books.		Our Bibles and Prayer Books We carry the finest bindings that the world produces. There is literally everything in Bibles to be found here. All possible prices.

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C. W. MARTIN, Proprietor. - GORDON BLOCK, BARRE, VT.

To Think of Christmas

Is to think who will fill your orders best for a nice Christmas dinner. We will do our best to please you. We have everything in the line of Dry Goods, viz.: Fancy Groceries, Canned Goods, Ketchups, Oysters, Fruits, Nuts, Candy, etc. Also a full line of Wet Goods, consisting of the best Teas and Coffees we can buy. Our usual nice line of Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb and Poultry. Low prices, too.

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Christmas Watches!

Of all the Watches made in the world, none approach the Elgin and Waltham in simplicity of mechanism and unimpeachable qualities; or in little-ness of cost, as priced at King's.

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Corner of Main Street and Depot Square, Barre, Vt.

FOR CHRISTMAS

We have good Things to eat. The best from the dairy, the hennery and the creamery. Fine Ice Cream for your dessert or lunch. For something sweeter we have some of the best Chocolates to be found for the money.

Granite City Creamery,

Worthen Block, Keith Avenue, Just Off Main Street.

A Guaranteed Fountain Pen, regular price \$1.50. Special for this week, 98c. The pens are all guaranteed. If not satisfactory return them and get your money. We have others at prices from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

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